Please leave in the pews

NATIONAL HYMNS

Supplemental to those in the
Revised Hymnal

THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
PHILADELPHIA

SCP
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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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Received Dec 15 1917

ALMIGHTY GOD, King of kings, and Lord of lords, from whom proceed all power and dominion in heaven and earth; Most heartily we beseech Thee to look with favour upon Thy servants, the President of the United States, the Governor of this State, and all others in authority. Imbue them with the spirit of wisdom, goodness, and truth; and so rule their hearts, and bless their endeavours, that law and order, justice and peace, may everywhere prevail. Preserve us from public calamities; from pestilence and famine; from conspiracy and rebellion; but especially from national sins and corruption. Make us strong and great in the fear of God, and in the love of righteousness; so that, being blessed of Thee, we may become a blessing to all nations, to the praise of the glory of Thy grace; through Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

LORD God Almighty, defend our land, we beseech Thee, from the secret power and the open shame of great national sins. From all dishonesty and civic corruption; from all vainglory and selfish luxury; from all cruelty and the spirit of violence; from covetousness which is idolatry; from impurity which defiles the temple of the Holy Spirit; and from intemperance, which is the mother of many crimes and sorrows; good Lord, deliver and save us, and our children, and our children's children, in the land which Thou hast blessed with the light of pure religion; through Jesus Christ our only Saviour and King. *Amen.*

OALMIGHTY God, supreme Ruler and Governor of all things, who art a strong tower of defense to them that fear Thee, and whose power no creature is able to resist; Unto Thee do we cry in the hour of our country's need. To Thee it belongeth justly to punish sinners and to be merciful to those who repent. Save and deliver us, we humbly beseech Thee, from the hands of our enemies; abate their pride, assuage their malice, and confound their devices; that we, being armed with Thy defense, may be preserved evermore from all perils, to glorify Thee, who art the only Giver of all victory; through the merits of Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

FROM THE PRESBYTERIAN BOOK OF COMMON WORSHIP.

1

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bomb bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

2 On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream!
'Tis the Star-spangled Banner: O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

3 O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Francis Scott Key.

2

Tune, *Webb*
353, Revised Hymnal

LET freemen's hearts grow bolder;
Let freedom's banner fly
Where God's four winds unfold her
To God's uncharted sky.
His Word and not another's
Is pledged to liberty;
His hand hath made men brothers,
His truth shall make men free.

2 When freedom's flag is flying
In lands across the sea,
On Thee we are relying,
Great God, we count on Thee!
For right is right forever,
Though men have crowned the wrong,
And truth shall perish never—
Great God, how long? how long?

3 When our brave lads are dying
In lands across the sea,
On Thee we are relying,
Great God, they die for Thee:
And if we lay them sleeping
In lands beyond the sea,
God have them in Thy keeping—
We leave them there with Thee.

Louis F. Benson.
December 9, 1917.

3

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

2 I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred
circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening
dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

3 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
judgment seat;
O! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,
my feet!
Our God is marching on.

4 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

4

Tune, *Materna*
633, Revised Hymnal

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea!

2 O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

3 O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

4 O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

Katharine Lee Bates.

5

Tune, *Materna*, 633, or *All Saints New*, 363, Revised Hymnal

O LORD, our God, Thy mighty hand
Hath made our country free;
From all her broad and happy land
May worship rise to Thee.
Fulfill the promise of her youth,
Her liberty defend;
By law and order, love and truth,
America befriend!

2 The strength of every State increase
In Union's golden chain;
Her thousand cities fill with peace,
Her million fields with grain;
The virtues of her mingled blood
In one new people blend;
By unity and brotherhood,
America befriend!

3 O suffer not her feet to stray,
But guide her untaught might,
That she may walk in peaceful day,
And lead the world in light.
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor,
Unequal ways amend;
By justice, nation-wide and sure,
America befriend!

4 Through all the waiting land proclaim
Thy gospel of good-will;
And may the joy of Jesus' Name
In every bosom thrill.
O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea,
Thy holy reign extend;
By faith and hope and charity,
America befriend!

Henry van Dyke.

6

Tune, *Dort*, 666, or *Trinity*, 61
Revised Hymnal

GOD bless our splendid men
While they the right defend,
God bless our men.
Make them all brave and true,
Faith in Thyself renew,
Teach them the best to do—
God bless our men.

2 God keep our valiant men
From all the stain of sin,
God keep our men.
When Satan would allure,
When tempted, keep them pure;
Be their protection sure—
God keep our men.

3 God lead our glorious men
Against the hosts of sin,
God lead our men.
Do Thou the victory send,
And, with the battle's end,
Triumphant peace extend—
God lead our men.

4 God save our noble men,
Send them safe home again,
God save our men.
To Thee the praise belongs
For righting all our wrongs;
To Thee we lift our songs—
God save our men.

J. Wilbur Chapman.

7

Tune, *Melita*
270, Revised Hymnal

LORD God of hosts, whose mighty hand
Dominion holds on sea and land
In peace and war Thy will we see
Shaping the larger liberty.
Nations may rise and nations fall,
Thy changeless purpose rules them all.

2 When death flies swift on wave and field,
Be Thou a sure defense and shield!
Console and succor those who fall,
And keep and hearten each and all!
O hear a people's prayers for those
Who fearless face their country's foes!

3 For those who weak and broken lie,
In weariness and agony,
Great Healer, to their beds of pain
Come, touch, and make them whole again!
O hear a people's prayers, and bless
Thy servants in their hour of stress!

4 For those to whom the call shall come
We pray Thy tender welcome home;
The toil, the bitterness, all past,
We trust them to Thy love at last.
O hear a people's prayers for all
Who, nobly striving, nobly fall.

5 For those who minister and heal,
And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal,
Renew their hearts with Christlike faith,
And guard them from disease and death,
And in Thine own good time, Lord, send
Thy peace on earth till time shall end.

John Oxenham.

8

Tune, *Mercy*
282, Revised Hymnal

FOR the passing souls we pray,
Saviour, meet them on their way:
Let their trust lay hold on Thee
Ere they touch Eternity.

2 Holy counsels long forgot
Breathe again 'mid shell and shot:
Through the mist of life's last pain
None shall look to Thee in vain.

3 To the hearts that know Thee, Lord,
Thou wilt speak through flood or sword:
Just beyond the cannons' roar,
Thou art on that further Shore.

4 For the passing souls we pray;
Saviour, meet them on their way;
Thou wilt hear our yearning call,
Who hast loved and died for all.

C. C.

9

Tune, *St. Anne*
117, Revised Hymnal

O GOD, the strength of those who war,
The hope of those who wait,
Be with our sons gone forth to fight,
And those who keep the gate.

2 Give to our hosts in battle's hour
Firm hearts and courage high,
Thy comfort give to those who fall,
Thy peace to those who die.

3 Breathe on our land the spirit calm
Which faith in right bestows,
And in the hours of dark suspense
A faith which stronger grows.

4 In Thee alone we place our hope,
Thou Keeper of the just,
And Thou, through fight and fire and fears
Will justify our trust.

5 Thy ways are wonderful, O God,
Who makest wars to cease,
O let this be the final war
That ushers in Thy peace.

10

Tune, *Melita*
270, Revised Hymnal

SAIL on, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.

2 We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

3 In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee.

11

Tune, *Stephanos,* 436, or *St. Helen's,* 765
Revised Hymnal

HOLY Father, in Thy mercy,
Hear our anxious prayer;
Keep our loved ones, now far absent,
'Neath Thy care.

2 Jesus, Saviour, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, O keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.

3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

4 May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise Thee
Day by day.

5 Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
Send Thy grace that they may conquer
In the strife.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them,
Near to Thee.

Isabella S. Stephenson.

12

Tune, *Rutherford*
629, Revised Hymnal

(This familiar hymn, suitable for use at any time, is added in a version slightly different from that in our hymn book.)

THE sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn, awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 O Christ! He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred by His love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

4 I've wrestled on towards heaven
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
Now, like a weary traveler
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
In Immanuel's land.

Anne R. Cousin.

THE VOW OF ALLEGIANCE

I PLEDGE allegiance to my flag; and to the Republic for which it stands: one Nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.